CONVERSATION.

TALE.



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THE

CONVERSATION.

LOVDOW.

Spring Karkaring Stars in the case of MDCE KE.



Sir, Either is a good a't T

CONVERSATION.



T always has been thought discreet,

To know the Company You meet;

And sure there may be secret Danger,

In talking much before a Stranger.

Not only born to Look and Speak:

Truth docks our Speeches and our Books;

Agreed: What then? Then drink your Ale: I'll pledge You, and repeat my Tale.

No Matter where the Scene is fixt:

The Persons were but odly mixt;

When Sober Damon thus began:

(And Damon is a clever Man)

I now grow Old; but still, from Youth,

Have held for Modesty and Truth:

The Men who by these Sea-marks steer, In Life's great Voyage never Err:
Upon this Point I dare defy
The World: I pause for a Reply.

Sir, Either is a good Afficant: Said One who fat a little distant: Truth decks our Speeches and our Books; And Modesty adoms our Looks: \ But farther Progress We must take, Not only born to Look and Speak: The Man must Act. The STAGYRITE Says thus, and fays extremely right: Strict Justice is the Sov raign Guide, That o'er our Action shou'd preside: This Queen of Virtues is confest, Agreed: 'What then? Then and bind the reft. finedt and W': boorgA Thrice Happy, if You once can find .uoY ogbolg III Her equal Balance poize your Mind: All different Graces soon will enter, and and over Like Lines concurrent to their Center. We anomal and When Sober Damon thus

'Twas thus, in short, these Two went on,
With Yea and Nay, and Pro and Con,
Thro' many Points divinely dark,
And WATERLAND assaulting CLARK;

Till, in Theology half toff it hammer I AM JA 10 1 DAMON took up the Evening Post; driw and boil I Confounded SPAIN, composid the NORTH, beabal And deep in Politics held forth warm out down as W

Methinks We're in the like Condition, As at the TREATY of PARTITION: THE HE TO OR That Stroke, for: All King WILLIAM's Care, Begat another Tedious War: aU aglod norto conado) MATTHEW, who knew the whole Intrigue, Ne'er much approv'd That Mystic League. In the vile UTRECHT TREATY too. Poor Man, He found enough to do: Sometimes to Me He did apply; But down-right Dunstable was I, And told Him, where They were mistaken; And counsell'd Him to save his Bacon: But (pass His Politics and Prose) I never herded with his Foes; Nay, in his Verses, as a Friend, I still found Something to commend: Sir, I excus'd his NUT-BROWN MALD; Whate'er severer Critics said: as simil b'vel I Too far, I own, the Girl was try'd: The Women All were on my Side. b'donw'f'

And thus unwilling Silence broke: For For ALMA I return'd Him Thanks: closel I in Him I lik'd Her with her little Pranks: qu door MOMACI Indeed poor Solomon in Rhime and behandled Was much too grave to be Sublime of ni queb back

PINDAR and DAMON fcorn Transition: Indiana.

So on He ran a new Division;

Till out of Breath he turn'd to spit:

(Chance often helps Us more than Wit)

T' other that lucky Moment took,

Just nick'd the Time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the Gifts the Gods afford,

(If we may take old Tully's Word)

The greatest is a Friend; whose Love derivation of Knows how to praise, and when reprove:

Knows how to praise, and when reprove:

From such a Treasure never part,

But hang the Jewel on your Heart:

And, pray, Sir (it delights Me) tell;

You know this Author mighty well—

Know Him! d'ye question it? Ods-sish!

Sir, does a Beggar know his Dish?

I lov'd Him, as I told You, I

Advis'd Him—Here a Stander-by

Twitch'd Damon gently by the Cloak,

And thus unwilling Silence broke:

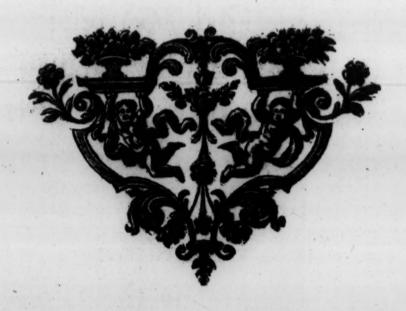
DAMON,

Lothe Vile UTRRO

DAMON, 'tis Time We shou'd retire:
The Man You talk with is MAT. PRIOR.

PATRON thro' Life, and from Thy Birth my Friend,
DORSET, to Thee this Fable let Me send:
With DAMON'S Lightness weigh Thy solid Worth;
The Foil is known to set the Diamond forth:
Let the seign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How many DAMONS, how sew DORSETS Live.

FINIS.



DAMON, 'tis Time, We shou'd retire: The Man You talk with is MAT. PRIOR,

PATRON thro' Life, and from Thy Birth my Friend,
Dorser, to Thee this Fable let Me send:
With Damon's Lightness weigh Thy solid Worth;
The Foil is known to set the Diamond sorth:
Let the seign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How many Damons, how sew Dorsers Live,

FINIS

